THE PACIFIC

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VICTORY.

He passed in the light of the sun,
  In the path that the many tread,
And his work, like theirs, was done
  For the sake of his daily bread;
But he carried a sword, and one by one,
Out there in the common light of the sun,
  The sins of his life fell dead.

His feet never found the way
  That leads to the porch of fame,
But he strove to live each day
  With a conscience void of blame;
And he carried a cross whose shadow lay
  Over every step of his lowly way,
And he treasured its splendid shame.

So life was a long, hard fight,
  For the wrong was ever there,
And the cross ne'er out of sight,
  The cross of a grey world's care;
But right through the day to the failing light
  He carried the cross and fought the fight,
Great-hearted to do and bear.

Night fell—and the sword was sheathed,
  And the cross of life laid down,
And into his ear was breathed
  A whisper of fair renown;
And the nameless victor was glory-wreathed,
  For the voice that said, "Let thy sword be sheathed,'
Said also, "And take thy crown."

Percy C. Ainsworth.

THE PACIFIC

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W. W. FERRIER ..... **Editor**

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

A NEEDED PRESENT-DAY MESSAGE.

The Rev. Dr. W. E. Barton of Chicago, presented in an impressive manner in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley last Sunday morning, one of the great present-day needs—that of more manhood in the school, the home, and the church.

Dr. Barton stated that on his way to the coast he had encountered a school teacher journeying from Eastern Washington to San Francisco to attend the convention of the National Educational Association, who had remarked that all the preachers in the cities about the bay were expected to preach to the teachers on Sunday, July the 9th. This led him, on his arrival here to change from the text on which he had intended to speak to one which would allow a line of thought in conformity with this arrangement. He stated that he was pleased to avail himself of the opportunity to speak concerning educational matters and to set forth some of his ideas thereon. The congregation doubtless felt like giving a vote of thanks to the Washington school teacher for the information she had given, for the message from Dr. Barton was one which sank deep into the minds and hearts of all who had the privilege of hearing him.

Taking as a text the words in the third verse of the twelfth chapter of Daniel, "They that are wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament," Dr. Barton called attention to the fact that in the margin of the Revised Version we find instead of the word wise the word teacher, so that the passage may read, "They that are teachers shall shine as the brightness of the firmament." After saying many pleasant things about our teachers and our school system he proceeded to point out wherein it was at fault, saying substantially in part:

A false theory of the value of education as affording relief from manual labor has robbed the children of the Puritans of their birthright. Italians, Hungarians, Poles, Russians and others inherit the land that is thus lost to us, and one of the great problems facing the nation today is that of handing down to future generations the ideals and principles which have made the nation what it is. The thought was that real reforms are wrought always by men who have a foothold on the soil. That in a country as large as ours every man ought to have a little patch of ground sacred to himself and household, belonging to them all the way from the cellar to the sky, where he could shovel snow from his own sidewalk and coal into his own furnace,—where, in other words, he and his family could be rooted in all those things which make for the best things in manhood and womanhood.

After paying tribute to the women teachers in our schools, Dr. Barton remarked: "We need more manhood in home and church and school. We need more men teachers. Just as there are influences which no one can impart to a growing boy or girl but a good woman, so there are influences no woman can impart, but only a good, strong, virile man."

And while the graded school was regarded as a great blessing, it was regarded also as a mighty force for the scattering of the children. With the father at business, and the mother sometimes away at the club, and the public school system so arranged that children of different ages are in different rooms, with a separate range of interest, we have a problem fraught with not a little of menace. As conditions now are the contact which the younger children had with the older in times when there was not this separation is lost, and with that is lost much of good. If, accordingly, we are to meet the demands and give the needed training and development it must be made possible in the school, in the church, in the home, for the young to come more under the influence of good and strong men.

A STRONG CHAMPION OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

One of the things needed to bring about a change of conditions for the better here in Califorina is the passage of the proposed constitutional amendment giving to women the elective franchise. This will not usher in the millennium; but it will be a big step in advance, inasmuch as the history of recent years in those states in which this right has been accorded indicates that considerable good has come therefrom. We are therefore glad to see the Rev. Dr. Aked, who came recently to the pastorate of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, giving himself so earnestly and ably to the campaign for equal suffrage.

In an address in Berkeley last week Dr. Aked said: "The American woman is as capable as the American man. She is less ignorant, less drunken and less criminal. The percentage of men criminals is more than ninety-four, while the percentage of women criminals is only a little more than five. Twice as many girls graduate from the grammar schools as there are boy graduates; and the feminine graduates of the high school outnumber the other sex four to one. The average woman is equal to the average man, and the picked woman is equal to the picked man."

Dr. Aked cited Queen Victoria as an example of what woman can do in politics, remarking in that connection: "When she came into power the English throne was shaky, and before she died she had made it the strongest throne in Europe. Where in all history can you find her equal? You will have to go back to ugly, hook-nosed Elizabeth—the possessor of a beastly temper, but an excellent ruler.'

To the question, "Are you willing to let the women of the street vote," Dr. Aked replies: "Certainly, as long as their male customers are enfranchised!"

Touching on the social evil in his address in Berkeley, Dr. Aked said:

"The social evil is man's evil. Men are the pursuers, women the victims. It is not the outcome of sex-feeling that the evil derives its support, but from the hideous passion for money. For every woman down in the depths there are ten men financially interested to keep her there."

THE APPEAL OF THE MINISTRY.

At a time when not very much is being said about the attractions of the Christian ministry it is gratifying to come across such a testimony for it as that of the Rev. Charles R. Brown, in the last number of "The American Missionary." We quote a few paragraphs from it with the hope that it may thus be likely to come to the notice of some of the strong young men of the Pacific Coast who have not yet decided to what work in life they will give themselves. As for himself and the deeper meanings of life Mr. Brown says looking back over the twenty-two years since he graduated from a divinity school it seems to him that he should have missed all the deeper meanings if he had failed to respond to the influences which were impelling him toward the ministry. Surveying life as it now is and as it is to be, he says:

"There are high honors and large rewards to be won by lawyers and by physicians, by men engaged in the work of education or in commerce or in engineering. Into all these pursuits strong and useful young men are going in such numbers that there is no lack of material. It is not so in the ministry. The modern pulpit stands up and cries to every man with any of the possibilities of apostleship in him, 'Come over into Macedonia and help.' The moral need of the continent of Europe which voiced itself in the vision Paul had by night when he slept at Troas on the western edge of Asia, finds its counterpart in the need of our own wide continent for men who can point the way of spiritual advance.

"There never was a time when the opportunities and the rewards of the ministry were so great. There is a mighty tide of appreciation and gratitude waiting to flow in upon the heart of the man who has been doing good work in interpreting the Bible in the light of modern scholarship, in making intelligent application of Christian principles to modern conditions and problems, in uncovering the deeper sources of motive for right living, in furnishing by the contagion of personal influence larger stores of spiritual energy to those whose wills have become fagged.

"I affirm with the utmost heartiness that in my judgment, after twenty-two years of experience east and west, there is no place on earth where a serious and earnest man can at present invest his life with more satisfaction to himself, with a deeper sense of serviceableness to his fellow men and with a warmer sense of God's approving favor, than in the ministry of the modern church.

"In these days of theological restatement, under the influence of a closer study of psychology as related to religious experience and under the compelling influence of the historical spirit in the study of the Bible, there opens a splendid field of usefulness to the minister in helping to remove doubts, shape new beliefs and develop a reliable working hypothesis for the students of colleges and universities. In any college town or city the minister finds work cut out for him which makes many other tasks seem tame. Here are gathered young men and young women who in hundreds of comunities in the land will prove themselves social, commercial and political leaders. If one can aid in making religion shine in their eyes with a new meaning and enter with fresh power into their actual experience, he will be doing the work of a higher evangelism on a broad and rewarding scale.

"The Christianity of ecclesiastical organization is one manifestation of the Spirit, but that other manifestation, where religion is ready to function in that nobler quality of life which shall pemeate all secular activities, is also the work of the same Lord. It is the office of the prophet to furnish his full share of moral leadership for this august undertaking.

"The pastor of a church is not likely to be an economist or a statesman. He may be the first to recognize his inability to devise the particular forms which will obtain in the reorganization of industry or the policies to be pursued in the political action demanded to make them effective. But if he can stand in close, sympathetic touch with the representatives of all classes in the community, making it clear that he is a wise, honest and unselfish friend, he may enter into the joy of a most helpful service.

"If the minister can by his own attitude and utterance steadily exalt the spiritual above the material values until the more acute appraisement shall become an abiding part of the common consciousness; if he can aid in promoting an intelligent and insistent good will amog men as the one informing spirit capable of producing a stable, prosperous and joyous society; if he can impress upon the heart of the community the fact that there is a will of God in all these industrial problems which must be ascertained, obeyed and realized before we can stand right with Him; if he can induce men to 'Remember the week day to keep it holy' as some clever writer has suggested; and if he can lay bare to the faltering will those deeper sources of motive for brotherly effort, then he will be rendering steadily an incomparable service.

"The needs and problems of city life are calling for strong men to carry the note of spiritual authority into that section of society where the sharp ring of the telephone and the honk of the automobile are the suggestive symbols of the pace and the peril of modern existence."

We like all of these statements by Mr. Brown, and wish that there might be heard more similar to them in ministerial circles all over our land instead of the discouraging talk so often heard as to the hardships and sacrifices of the work. As to these latter, we never hear them without the thought that the men making them need only to get into many of the other works and walks of life to learn that the minister's lot is, so far as such things are concerned, as desirable as the average, and that there are very few easy jobs anywhere.

More than anyone else the minister is giving himself for the formation in human lives of those characteristics that are the most satisfying. A lawyer friend of ours remarked not long ago that he turned aside for a time from the legal profession to politics and public life because of a desire to do more good for mankind than it seemed to him he was doing in his profession. His profession brought him a good living, but in it he was not giving of himself to others as he desired.

There is on the Pacific Coast now a man who turned from the ministry to law a few years ago. He is making a success in the law, and is earning in one year now more than he received as a preacher in three or four; but his

testimony is that the work isn't so satisfying, and he thinks he may again be engaged in preaching the gospel.

That was good witness which Dr. Pond bore a few weeks ago when he said there was never a time during his thirty years' pastorate in Bethany Church, San Francisco, when he wouldn't have preferred that work to that of the presidency of the United States.

GIPSY SMITH COMING TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

The great English evangelist, Gipsy Smith, has been secured for a tour of the Pacific coast this coming fall. For two years the churches on the coast have been attempting to arrange for his coming. Arrangements had been concluded for a tour last year, but they were cancelled, because Gipsy Smith was desirous of filling an engagement in Birmingham under the Rev. Dr. Henry Jowett, who was then president of the National Federated Church Council, of England; of which Gipsy Smith is the evangelist.

Last summer the Rev. Dr. W. H. Foulkes, now pastor of Rutgers Presbyterian Church, New York City, visited Gipsy Smith, in Cambridge, and his London committee, and completed the negotiations, as a result of which the great evangelist is coming to America again.

His schedule as agreed upon includes, Spokane, Washington, Sept. 30-Oct. 16; Seattle, Washington, Oct. 21-Nov. 6; Portland, Oregon, Nov. 11-27; Tacoma, Washington, Dec. 2-18; San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 30-Jan. 22; Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 27-Feb. 12. Probably Dallas, Texas, Febrary 24th to March 11th.

There is already great enthusiasm throughout the entire Pacific coast over this contemplated visit. Several cities are erecting large temporary auditoriums, the requirement being that a minimum seating capacity of five thousand shall be furnished by each city. San Francisco, at the earnest request of its ministers and laymen, is given an extra week. Committees of the leading Christian men of each city are already working out the details of this great evangelistic movement. Dr Foulkes has the entire campaign in charge and is directing the movement in conjunction with the London committee. Gipsy Smith will arrive in America the middle of September and has already consented, at the request of Dr. Foulkes and Dr. Jowett, to spend Sunday, September 17th, occupying the pulpits of Fifth Avenue Presbyterian and Rutgers Presbyterian churches. It is possible that some other evangelistic meetings in New York city may be arranged for at that time also.

OUTDOOR EVANGELISM IN NEW YORK.

The outdoor gospel campaign conducted under the auspices of the National Bible Institute is now in full swing in New York City, eighty-one meetings a week being scheduled. New meetings were opened last week in Printing House Square, and on Sixth Avenue, at Twenty-seventh and Thirty-first Streets. The attendance was in all cases large, such a crowd gathering on Twenty-seventh Street that the street was jammed from gutter to gutter, and many stood on adjacent roofs.

Fresh vigór was given the work by the arrival of E. Jones Burton, from England, to lead the singing at Printing House Square and uptown, and by the addition of E. Clyde Foresman and Paul Hutchinson, recent graduates of Lafayette College, to the staff of leaders.

Attendance figures at the outdoor meetings so far conducted seem almost incredible, especially when it is considered that 75 per cent of those counted never hear the gospel in any other place. These records of attendance are very scrupulously kept, and leaders are warned against exaggeration. To date over 360 meetings have been held, and the counted attendance has totalled over 70,000. Of this total 40,000 attended the meetings during the month of June.

Calls for an explanation of this work are constantly coming from all over the city, and in other cities outdoor campaigns modelled on the one carried on by the institute are being inaugurated. During the past week a pastor in Pueblo, Col., wrote of his intention to conduct such a campaign in his city during the month of July. The entire country seems to be awakening to a realization that this outdoor work as originally planned and prosecuted in New York by the Bible Institute, is a method of religious work which should immediately be introduced in all large cities.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILROAD AND THE CHINESE.

No Longer Will They be Transported From Vancouver to Boston.

An agreement between the United States Government and the Canadian Pacific Railroad concerning the entrance of Celestials has gone into effect, and by this agreement, which is really a reversal of attitude of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Vancouver, B. C., becomes one of the chief ports at which Chinese may be examined for admission to the United States. The others are San Francisco and Seattle.

The Boston Transcript says:

"In February, 1910, the Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor abolished the ports on the Canadian border where Chinese might be examined for admission to the country. These included Ritchford, Vt., Malone, N. Y., Portal, N. D., and Sumas, Wash. It was the Secretary's intention that Chinese coming across the Pacific Ocean from China on steamers of the Canadian Pacific Railroad should be examined at Vancouver and then be permitted to enter the country through any port on the Canadian border where aliens are permitted to come into the country. These ports include Sumas, Wash., Portal and Noyes, N. D., Detroit, Mich., Buffalo, N. Y., Ritchford, Vt., and Lowelltown and Vanceboro, Me.

"This arrangement, it is understood, did not please the Canadian Pacific Railway. It held a possibility of causing a loss of business. Boston has always been a statutory port of entry for Chinese and still continues to be. Thus, when the border ports were abolished the Canadian Pacific chose to bring its patrons to Boston. This necessitated a trip half way round the world for the Chinese. After arriving at Vancouver they came across the continent to Montreal, from there to Halifax, N. S., on the Intercolonial, and thence by steamers of the Plant line to Boston.

"By doing this the Canadian Pacific thought it was holding its business, but it wasn't long before it began to realize that the reverse was the case, and also that in

addition to losing patrons to other companies, it was losing money on those that it did carry. Frequently it happened that a contingent of Chinese would have to wait at Montreal to make connections to reach Halifax. Expenses of the Chinese during the waits had to be paid by the railway company at the rate of forty cents a day. Again, Chinese would often be held for days at the immigrant station at Long wharf, also at the rate of forty cents a day each. Thus, as an illustration, the road found that it would have been more profitable to drop five hundred Chinese at Vancouver than to bring seven hundred to Boston, despite the additional fare for the longer journey.

"Since March, 1910, 788 Chinese have been brought to Boston for examination as to their rights to enter the country. This number included returning merchants, laborers, merchants' sons, students and natives exempt under the Chinese exclusion laws. Sixty-two of these were deported, not having been able to prove their right to enter the country, and nineteen are still being detained at the immigrant station, awaiting disposition.. It will probably be two months before all the business at the local station will be cleared up, and meanwhile the Canadian Pacific will be paying board bills. Hundreds of records which were kept on file here, many of them having been brought from the border ports, have been forwarded to Vancouver, and three of the local staff of the local Chinese department have been transferred to that station.

"From now on Chinese who will come to Boston will probably come across the Atlantic from Europe and be of the exempt class, and to a large extent tourists and students."

GENERAL BOOTH'S IRON SWAY.

A Book by Ex-Commissioner Nicol Tells How the Salvation Army is Ruled.

Fifty years ago there was no Salvation Army; and General Booth had never been heard of by the world at large. Recently, in fifteen hundred cities, town and villages of the United Kingdom a couple of millions of people listenede to "the Gospel according to Headquarters" sung and shouted and drummed by something over a hundred thousand Salvation soldiers, in coal-scuttle bonnets, red jerseys, and other sartorial adornments, under the "Blood and Fire" flag. If that were all, it would be a wonderful thing; and it might make us marvel at the temerity of those writers who agree that the last of the "Victorians" died some time ago. But it is by no means all; not by a very long way is it all, even if we limit our outlook to the numerical strength and geographical distribution of the men and women who own allegiance to William Booth and to no one else on the earth.

The Salvation Army Headquarters (as ex-Commissioner Nicol points out in his remarkable book just issued by Messrs. Herbert and Daniels are curiously shy as to the statistics of the Army's membership; but a rough estimate places the total at 250,000. If these figures are smaller than many folk may have imagined, in view of the vast amount of noise created by the Salvation Army—and the huge volume of useful work it has accomplished—they are none the less astounding when we come to consider the stringent conditions of membership of the Army and the story of its growth.

Social service has enabled the Salvation Army to attract to its membership the flotsam and jetsam of society; it has advertised the Salvation Army and swelled its coffers with the contributions of the rich philanthropist. But social service has never been the end and aim of the general; his mission was and is the "salvation" of the world, the conversion (in the old-fashioned Methodist way) of sinful souls, through the fear of hell and the devil and the hope of Heaven. Indirectly, accidentally almost, by means of its revelations of life in the lower depths, and the inadequacy of individual action to cope with the mass of misery, the Salvation Army has been one of the most potent social-revolutionary forces of our time; theologically it is the most aggressively conservative.

It is an anomaly from whatever angle we may care to look at it. Faith, not works, is the basis of its constitution; yet no other religious organization in history can show a more surprising record of success in so short a time as a lever towards holy living. On the one hand, it has drawn notorious drunkards out of the slough of the slums and made of them powerful evangelists for the cause—all its members must be total abstainers from alcoholic drinks and its officers from tobacco, sports and amusements likewise; on the other hand, it has attracted to its flag distinguished civil servants and scholars and organizers of industry, who for a mere pittance have devoted themselves to the operations of the Salvation Army in any branch to which the general has cared to order them, in any land to which he has chosen to send them. Here is a ruthless Caesarium in a democratic age; and Caesar's children no less than his latest recruit must toe the line and offer implicit obedience or be broken for their rebellion.

Other-worldly in its nominal objects, the Salvation Army has embraced a hundred essentially mundane activities to minister to its funds or to inrease its attractiveness. It is a wholesale and retail tea dealer for example, whose tea is sold by unsuspecting publicans under a fancy label which does not mention the Salvation Army at all; it will bank your money, or assure your life; sell you a new bicycle or repair your old one; supply you with a winning cockerel, or a hamper of cabbages, or a reliable porker, or a dress, or a load of bricks; it will book a holiday trip for you, or emigrate you to the colonies, or give you a job at wood chopping, paper sorting or carpentry

General Booth himself is to Mr. Nicol not only a great man but a good man, "who serves God with all his heart and mind and strength;" a convincing testimony, this, that ought to silence forever those of us who may have had suspicions as to some of the things that the General has done. The "system," not the general himself, is impeached by Mr. Nicol. As William Booth, the general is hardly richer today than he was in his youth; far from as wealthy as he would have been had he devoted his compelling talent to personal ends. He lives on vegetables and milk sop, with a glass of water and bi-carbonate of soda for luxury. His only use for cash is to forward the work of the Salvation Army. "Wesley's one article of jewelry consisted of a silver spoon; William Booth will not have so much as that to include in his will."

But as General Booth, he is dictator over all the property of the Salvation Army, over souls and bodies of all its officers and soldiers; he has laid down in trust deeds not only what they shall do and wear and drink and believe, but what their successors shall do and believe for ever and ever! His words are the commandments beyond which there is no appeal; not even to God—for he claims to be the voice of God speaking, and the hand of God working.

The papal claim is limited beside the claim of General Booth; and he can enforce his infallibility by economic pressure as well as spiritual condemnation. He has nominated the man who is to take up his omnipotence when he dies. He says that he alone knows who this man is. But Mr. Nicol says that he knows, that there is only one man possible, one man who could shoulder the task with fair hopes of carrying it out satisfactorily—and that this man is the general's eldest son and chief of staff, Mr. Bramwell Booth.

Is it possible, without the personality of William Booth behind it, that an organizaton can live and develop on world-wide lines in the future, whose bases are an inflexible theological formula and an inelastic and undemocratic tradition impossible of local modification to suit the ever-changing needs of the different nations of the earth? Phenomenally successful in the United Kingdom, (if less successful than its press and speakers pretend—for even here not five per cent of its converts become lasting members of the army), and more or less successful in other English-speaking countries, it has failed signally to capture the imagination of the Latin and the Eastern peoples.

General Booth, according to his old lieutenant, is blind to "the rise of new forces" in the world of today. He does not understand the labor movement; he seems to be rather afraid of it. He has completely failed to capture the bona-fide working man, either at home or abroad, or to hold in any large proportions the scallywag, after capturing him. The Salvation Army (vide Mr. Nicol) "utterly lacks the gift of spiritual horticulturist;" it suffers from the defects as well as the qualities of that continuous revival which it set out to be, beause it does not calculate upon average human nature or make allowance for the claims of ordinary human attachments; "it places the army as such before wife, home, children, friends and leisure."

In how far Mr. Bramwell Booth, when he comes to the throne of his father, will be willing or able to remedy the evils pointed out by Mr. Nicol it is of course impossible to forsee. He is "a man with the predilections of a practical social alchemist;" and no greater delusion could be harbored (as it is, by some) that the eldest son of William Booth is merely a brilliant business manager. His propagandist daring was shown in his connection with Mr. Stead's notorious "Tribute to Modern Babylon;' his calculating sensationalism was evident in his startling sermon from a coffin. He is an unrivaled authority on the underworld of London; and "the most complete paradox that the army has evolved."

Of General Booth's most lately expressed ideas is the formula with which the general summed up his conception of the relation which ought to exist between the State and the Church as represented by the Salvation Army. "Payment by results, constant inspection, but no control We have created an organization which can do the work. Let the State supply the funds by paying us at a fixed rate per head for every wastrel, drunkard, criminal or prostitute converted into a law-abiding, self-supporting citizen."

Here is Bill Jones, who gets drunk every night, who spends half his time in jail, whose wife and children are in the work-house He costs the State in rates and taxes at least $10 a week, or, say, $500 a year. If I reclaim that man, and make a Salvationist of him, I save the State $500 a year. Why should it grudge me, say, 5 per cent of that sum to defray the cost of salvage? No cure no pay. The premium would be paid only for the first year, but the saving would be continuous."

"In Java," said the general, "the Dutch Colonial authorities go much further than that. The other day a lieutenant-governor of one of the provinces asked our officer to take charge of the lepers in a certain district. Our officer replied that he would prepare an estimate as to the costs and send it in. 'You will do no such thing,' replied the man in authority. 'These lepers have to be provided for. Provide for them straightaway, and when you have done whatever you think necessary I will pay the bill.'

"I have been spending a good deal of time lately in visiting prisons, and I am more than ever convinced that we could do a great deal more than has yet been accomplished if we remembered that the criminal is a human being, and that being so he must be dealt with as if he were such. The damnable heresy firmly held by some prison authorities that there ought to be no such thing as an appeal to emotion in jail ought to be abandoned. A man does not lose either heart or soul when he commits a crime Any system whih proceeds on that assumption is doomed to inevitable failure.

"Treat the criminal as a human being. Give him a man's chance before you despair of making a man of him. I would have much more discrimination in passing what I call a punitive sentence on a criminal, and I would add to the indeterminate detention for as long a time as was neccessary to prepare the man for earning an honest living when he is set free.

"Mr. Winston Churchill's reforms are good as far as they go, but they are rather a basis on which to build than a complete scheme of reform."

London, July 1, 1911.

PEACE RESOLUTION OF THE AMERICAN BOARD'S JAPAN MISSION.

We, members of the Japan Mission of the American Board, at our thirty-ninth annual meeting, view with deep solicitude the persistence of sinister rumors alleging an impending rupture of the traditional friendship between Japan and the United States. We believe that both the government and the people of Japan in reality still hold the United States in warm regard because of the sympathetic attitude toward Japan which has in past years characterized the diplomacy of our Government.

We believe, moreover, that in spite of certain indications to the contrary, both the Government and people of the United States still cherish warm admiration for Japan. We believe that our country is second to none in its desire for international peace based on righteousness and justice and for the establishment of the Hague Tribunal as a recognized court for the settlement of all international difficulties.

We rejoice in the growing peace movement in Japan and in the increasing evidences of a calm judicial spirit among its leaders, a spirit which refuses to exaggerate slight offenses, to countenance a narrow nationalism, or to regard exceptional unfriendly utterances of individuals as indicating the spirit of the American people.

We rejoice in the suggestion of an unlimited arbitration treaty between the United States and Japan and hope that nothing may be allowed to stand in the way of the framing and ratification of such a compact.

We urge upon the Trustees of the Carnegie Peace Fund,

and upon others who have at heart the maintenance of peace, that suitable provision be made for the transmission of accurate and trustworthy news regarding international questions.

Committee of The Japan Mission of The American Board
D. CROSBY GREENE
SIDNEY L. GULICK
JAMES H. PETTEE
May 30, 1911.

THE BIBLE AND PROGRESS.

From an Address by Governor Woodrow Wilson.

I come to speak of the Bible as the book of the people, not the book of the minister of the gospel, not the special book of the priest from which to set forth sober, occult, unknown doctrine withheld from the common understanding of men, but a great book of revelation—the people's book of revelation. For it seems to me that the Bible has revealed the people to themselves. I wonder how many persons realize the significance for English-speaking peoples of the translation of the Bible into the English tongue. Up to the time of the translation of the Bible into English, it was a book for long ages withheld from the perusal of the peoples of other languages and of other tongues, and not a little of the history of liberty lies in the circumstance that the moving sentences of this book were made familiar to the ears and the understanding of those peoples who have led mankind in exhibiting the forms of government and the impulses of reform which have made for freedom and for self-government among mankind.

Reveals Man Unto Himself.

For this is a book which reveals men unto themselves, not as creatures in bondage, not as men under human authority, not as those bidden to take counsel and command of any human source. It reveals every man to himself as a distinct moral agent, responsible not to men, not even to those men whom he has put over him in authority, but responsible through his own conscience to his Lord and Maker. Whenever a man sees this vision he stands up a free man, whatever may be the government under which he lives.

Our present life is a very imperfect and disappointing thing. We do not judge our own conduct in the privacy of our own closets by the standard of expediency by which we are daily and hourly governed. We know that there is a standard set for us in the heavens, a standard revealed to us in this book which is the fixed and eternal standard by which we judge ourselves, and as we read this book it seems to us that the pages of our own hearts are laid open before us for our own perusal. This is the people's book of revelation, revelation of themselves not alone but revelation of life and of peace. You know that human life is a constant struggle. For a man who has lost the sense of struggle, life has ceased.

Men Who Struggle Know.

There is a very interesting phrase that constantly comes to our lips which we perhaps do not often enough interpret in its true meaning. We see many young men start out in life with apparently only this object in view—to make name and fame and power for himself, and there comes a time of maturity and reflection when we say of him, "He has come to himself." When may I say that I have come to myself? Only when I have come to recognize my true relations with the rest of the world. We speak of a man losing himself in a desert. If you reflect a moment you will see that is the only thing he has not lost. He himself is there. What he means when he says that he has lost himself is that he has lost all the rest of the world. He has nothing to steer by. He does not know where any human habitation lies. He does not know where any beaten path and highway are. If he could establish his relationship with anything else in the world he would have found himself. Let it serve as a picture.

Where Man Finds Himself.

A man has found himself when he has found his relation to the rest of the universe, and here is the book in which those relations are set forth. And so, when you see a man going along the highways of life with his gaze lifted above the road, lifted to the sloping ways in front of him, then be careful of that man and get out of his way. He knows the kingdom for which he is bound. He has seen the revelation of himself and of his relations to mankind. He has seen the revelations of his relation to God and his Maker and therefore he has seen his responsibility in the world. This is the revelation of life and of peace. I do not know that peace lies in constant accommodation. I was once asked if I would take part in a great peace conference, and I said, "Yes, if I might speak in favor of war"—not the war which we seek to avoid, not the senseless and useless and passionate shedding of human blood, but the only war that brings peace, the war with human passions and the war with human wrong—the war which is that untiring and unending process of reform from which no man can refrain and get peace.

No man can sit down and withhold his hands from the warfare against wrong and get peace out of his acquiescence. The most solid and satisfying peace is that which comes from this constant spiritual warfare and there are times in the history of nations when they must take up the crude instruments of bloodshed in order to vindicate spiritual conceptions. For liberty is a spiritual conception, and when men take up arms to set other men free, there is something sacred and holy in the warfare. I will not cry, "Peace" so long as there is sin and wrong in the world. And this great book does not teach any doctrine of peace so long as there is sin to be combated and overcome in one's own heart and in the great moving force of human society.

The Bible is a Great Charter.

And so it seems to me that we must look upon the Bible as the great "Magna Charta" of the human soul. You know the interesting circumstances which gave rise to Magna Charta. The franchises of human liberty made the basis of a bargain with a king! There are kings upon the pages of Scripture, but do you think of any king in Scripture than as anything else than a mere man? There was the great king David, of a line blessed because the line from which should spring our Lord and Savior, a man marked in the history of mankind as the chosen instrument of God to do justice and exalt righteousness in the people.

But what does this Bible do for David? Does it utter eulogies upon him? Does it conceal his faults and magnify his virtues? Does it set him up as a great statesman would be set up in a modern biography? No, the book in which his annals are written strips the mask from David, strips every shred of counterfeit and concealment from him and shows him as, indeed, an instrument of God, but a sinful and selfish man, and the verdict of the Bible is that David, like every other man, was one day to stand

naked before the judgment-seat of God and be judged, not as a king, but as a man.

The Triumph of the Human Spirit.

The New Testament is the history of the life and the testimony of common men who rallied to the fellowship of Jesus Christ and who, by their faith and preaching, remade a world that was under the thrall of the Roman army. This is the history of the triumph of the human spirit, in the persons of humble men. And how many sorts of men march across the pages, how infinite is the variety of human circumstance and of human dealings and of human heroism and love! Is this a picture of extraordinary things? This is a picture of the common life of mankind. It is a mirror held up for men's hearts, and it is in this mirror that we marvel to see ourselves portrayed.

That the last of every man's reputation is his truthfulness, his squaring his conduct with the standards that he knew to be the standards of purity and rectitude. How many a man we appraise as great today, whom we do not admire as noble! A man may have great power and small character. And the sweet praise of mankind lies not in their admiration of the smartness with which the thing was accomplished, but in that lingering love which apprises men that one of their fellows has gone out of life to his own reckoning, where he is sure of the blessed verdict: "Well, done, good and faithful servant."

Bible Back of Progress.

The Bible has stood at the back progress. That is the reason that reform has come, not from the top, but from the bottom. If you are ever tempted to let a government reform itself, I ask you to look back in the pages of history and find me a government that reformed itself. If you are ever tempted to let a party attempt to reform itself I ask you to find a party that ever reformed itself.

A tree is not nourished by its bloom and by its fruit. It is nourished by its roots, which are down deep in the common and hidden soil and every process of purification and of rectification comes from the bottom—not from the top. It comes from the masses of struggling human beings. It comes from the instinctive efforts of millions of human hearts trying to beat their way up into the light and into the hope of the future.

Parties are reformed and governments are corrected by the impulses coming out of the hearts of those who never exercised authority and never organized parties. Those are the sources of strength and I pray God that these sources may never cease to be spiritualized by the immortal subjections of these words of inspiration of the Bible.

If any statesman sunk in the practices which debase a nation will but read this single book he will go to his prayers abashed. Do you not realize that there is a literature in the Bible? It is not one book but a score of books. Do you realize what literature is? I am sometimes sorry to see the great classics of our English literature used in the schools as textbooks, because I am afraid that little children may gain the impression that these are formal lessons to be learned. There is no great book in any language that is not the spontaneous out-pouring of some great mind or the cry of some great heart. And the reason that poetry moves us more than prose does is that it is the rhythmic and passionate voice of some great spirit that has seen more than his fellowmen can see.

Literature is revelation of the human spirit, and within the covers of this one book is a whole lot of literature, prose and poetry, history and rhapsody, the sober narration and the ecstasy of human excitement—things that ring in one's ears like songs never to be forgotten. And so I say, let us never forget that these deep sources, these wells of inspiration must always be our sources of refreshment and of renewal. Then no man can put unjust power upon us. We shall live in that chartered liberty in which a man sees the things unseen, in which he knows that he is bound for a country in which there are no questions mooted any longer of right or wrong.

Can you imagine a man who did not believe these words, who did not believe in the future life, standing up and doing what has been the heart and center of liberty always standing up before the king himself and saying, "Sir, you have sinned and done wrong in the sight of God and I am his messenger of judgment to pronounce upon you the condemnation of Almighty God. You may silence me, you may send me to my reckoning with my Maker, but you cannot silence or reverse the judgment." That is what a man feels whose faith is rooted in the Bible. The man whose faith is rooted in the Bible knows that reform can not be stayed, that the finger of God that moves upon the face of the nations is against every man that plots the nation's downfall or the people's defeat; that these men are simply groping and staggering in their ignorance to a fearful day of judgment and that whether one generation witnesses it or not, the glad day of revelation and of freedom will come in which men will sing by the host of the coming of the Lord in his glory, and all of those will be forgotten, those little, scheming, contemptible creatures that forgot the image of God and tried to frame men according of the image of the evil one. America was born a Christian nation. America was born to exemplify that devotion to the elements of righteousness which are derived from the revelations of Holy Scripture. — The Denver News.

CURRENT EVENT AND COMMENT.

Some idea of the strength and efficiency of the Catholic church in this country may be gained from a recent report of the vast educational system it is carrying on. The sum of $36,000,000 was raised and expended on their education during the same period. This is for educational work alone. Orphanage and philanthropic enterprises are not included in these summaries. Protestants may very well take notice of this work. No matter how much we may disagree with our Catholic friends on other things, every one must admit this is a really remarkable achievement. And there is true Christian statesmanship in it, too. The secret of the growth of that church lies in the fact that it begins with the child—a secret many other churches have never learned.

William Payne Shriver, writing in the Continent (Presbyterian), Chicago, declares Presbyterianism is on trial for its life today in the city of New York. Notwithstanding there are fifty-seven congregations in the city, many of them possessing large endowments, the church as a whole is not keeping pace with the growth of the city. During the last ten years their Sunday-schools have lost 25 per cent of their pupils, and there has been a noticeable shrinkage in the membership of the church as well. In our present divided condition, this is the fate which is in store for

all the churches in our great cities. Great cosmopolitan centers test our several creeds as nothing else can, and one by one they must fail. A united church, free from all party spirit, and armed with a militant, catholic gospel, is imperatively demanded if we are to cope with the great cities of the land.

Associated Press reports continue to confirm the report made some weeks ago to the effect that gambling is spreading with alarming rapidity among the British people. The British Anti-Gambling League, at its meeting in London June 3rd, declared that a century ago there were only twenty bookmakers in Great Britain and Ireland. Today there are 30,000 who make their living wholly or in part in this way. The League also reported that fully $400,000,000 changed hands in connection with horse-racing and about $150,000,000 on other "sports." Forty-six women bookmakers were before the courts last year. Many men were caught accepting wagers from children. This is one vice for which not one single word of excuse or extenuation may be said. Money secured in this way is in principle the same as stolen. The world is in need of a strong public sentiment on this question.

The pitiful case of a London girl who contracted leprosy by wearing false hair constitutes a solemn warning to women throughout the world. The story is told by Lloyd's News, London, in all its sickening details. After wearing the hair a few times strange marks appeared on her forehead. Physicians were consulted and each agreed that it was the ominous sign of the most dreaded affliction known to mankind. Health officers are now watching a number of people who were in close contact with the girl at a ball not long ago, fearing that others may have become contaminated. The false hair habit is at best a questionable affair. The fact that it is false, that it really constitutes deception, is enough to condemn it with many people. But there is a much bigger problem. Death, and sometimes the most horrible known, may lurk in it, menacing not only the wearer but innocent people as well.

In introducing the French military budget in the Chamber of Deputies a short time ago, M. Clementel said European nations alone had spent the astounding sum of $24,000,000,000 for war armament during the last twenty-five years. England spent $8,000,000,000 of this sum. During the same period the United States spent $7,000,000,000 for the same purpose. During the fiscal year, ending June 30th, 1910, this country spent $270,085,423 on its army and navy. Think of it! These stupendous sums are spent to enable men to kill men! And it has been nineteen hundred years since Christ came! Verily, it does not seem we have made much progress, especially in the art of peace. We learn—oh, so slowly! No civilization can be maintained by force of arms. Civilization is a thing of the heart, the soul. Suppose Europe and America had spent this $31,000,000,000 in disseminating knowledge and moral culture! How different the results would be today.

At an all-too-rapid gate move the people of this century. Men do not die from old age; they die before they reach that period. Some dig their graves with their knives and forks.. Others dig their graves by over-fretting about trivial matters. While still another class and the number is distressingly large, as compared with casualities of other countries, find their last resting-place in a pool of blood created from their own veins, opened by the red hand of murder. The following table, showing the number of homicides of this and other countries, which we cull from the Southern Christian Advocate, are suggestive of a serious, not to say alarming tendency of the age, recklessly placing little estimate on life, while the spirit of lawlessness is rampant, overriding everything sacred in human life, to wit: For every million of inhabitants England is said to have 3.1 homicides, Germany 11.1, France 15.6, Austria 28.4, and Italy 81.2. In the United States the annual average number of homicides for a period of twenty years was 6597. This gives for every millon of inhabitants, 91.6. In 1895 and 1896 the homicide roll reached the appalling proportion of 150 to the million.

"Pastor" Charles Taze Russell, whose rosy "cheeks" have covered most of the board fences in San Francisco for some weeks, seems to be a "pastor" without any sheep, "whose own the sheep are not." His function seems to be "salting" the sheep of other pastors. He has the fine art of showing the sheep that there are no thorn bushes, no burrs, no wolves, no coyotes, no nothing but "myths." Everything is a "myth," even the "collection." The one thing which entitles "Pastor" Russell to consideration, and which seems to have the real merit of discovery, is the announcement that hell has been closed up. It has been found impractical. There is no need of a Saviour, no need of a mediator, no need of repentance, no need of redemption; in fact, there does not seem to be much need of "Pastor" Russell himself. Of course, the sheep must not only be fooled and deceived, but they must be "roped in" and "sheared." "Pastor" Russell, among other things, believes in soul-sleeping. His specialty, however, is a sort of a grand round-up when the souls wake up and are called by a blast of the trumpet to judgment. He says the air will be filled with legs and arms and skulls flying to meet each other to be reunited in the air. We suspect "Pastor" Russell, the sheepless "pastor," has allowed his imagination to get the start of him. It is precisely these literalists that discredit the Scriptures. We often think that if the Church were not a divine institution, sustained by a divine Saviour, that it would be utterly overwhelmed by good meaning but simple-minded people. "Pastor" Russell seems to have lived in this great rolling world to but little purpose. His method of advertising is atrocious. His message is without moral or spiritual perspective. He sees what he does see on a dead level. Let nobody be disturbed. He is here today, yonder tomorrow. He is more of a "rover" than a "pastor." The world turns on its axis and swings on in its orbit. These "prowlers" like to scare the sheep.—California Christian Advocate.

A CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR RALLY.

The ninety-eighth quarterly rally of Golden Gate Christian Endeavor Union and an Intermediate C. E. Rally will be held on August 3 in Mission Congregational Church.

5:15 p. m.—Conferences: one for boys 14 to 20 years, led by Rev. Wm. E. Parker; one for girls, 14 to 18 years, led by Dr. Sara E. Wise.

6:15 p. m.—Supper: 25c per plate; A. W. Johnson, toastmaster.

Evening session, 7:45 p. m. Rev. Geo. A. Hough, Pr.D., will deliver the address on "Personal Responsibility."

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* * * Follow the Christ, the King
Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King—
Else, wherefore born?

—Tennyson, Gareth and Lynette.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

President Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary, Professor Bade, the Rev. H. R. Miles and S. C. Patterson are in Yosemite where they will spend the month of July.

The Rev. Dr. and Mrs. R. C. Brooks, of Walla Walla, Washington, are spending their vacation in California. Mrs. Brooks is with Oakland relatives. Mr. Brooks is at the home of his father in Los Angeles, but is expected in Oakland soon.

The Rev. Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Barton of Chicago, are spending their vacation on the Pacific Coast. Dr. Barton, who is one of our Congregational leaders, having much to do with those movements and changes which are adapting Congregationalism to present day demands, will occupy the pulpit of the First Congregational Church of Berkeley, for the next two Sundays; services only in the morning. The last Sunday of July he will be with the First Congregational Church of Oakland. The month of August will be spent by Dr. and Mrs. Barton in Southern California, and he will for several Sundays fill the pulpit of the First Congregational Church in Los Angeles.

The name of the Rev. Dr. McLean now appears on the calendar of the First Congregational Church of Oakland as pastor emeritus. In a letter which was read last Sunday morning Dr. McLean thanked the church for the pleasant remembrances of himself and Mrs. McLean on the occasion of their golden wedding anniversary and requested the clerk to convey to the church his joyful acceptance of the unexpected honor bestowed by them through the conferring upon him of the degree of pastor emeritus, saying: "I accept the degree; I accept the conditions. And while it can be given to Mrs. McLean and myself little else than to sit with hopes and good wishes for the Church of our undying love, we may in these changeful days soon see a pastor in fact through whom it shall become even more fruitful and wide reaching than in the best days of the past."

The California Christian Advocate, the organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church in California, made notice last week of the golden wedding anniversary of Dr. and Mrs. McLean, saying in that connection: "Dr. McLean was pastor of the First Congregational church of Oakland for more than twenty-five years and president of the Pacific Theological Seminary for more than a dozen years. He has been not only a leading minister in his own denomination, but a representative of all that is highest and best in all the denominations. He has been known and highly esteemed by all denomiations. He has been always an intense believer in his own denomination, a Congregationalist of the Congregationalists, but he has been well liked by all denominations on account of his high ideals, his splendid personality, his loyalty to the kingdom of God. Few men in the Christian ministry in any part of the country have had more influence in the community for so long a period. The Advocate joins the many friends of Dr. and Mrs. McLean in hearty congratulations. Dr. McLean is a true prince in Israel. He has done a great work. His life has been ideal. In retiring from the active work of the church he takes with him the love and highest esteem of all the denominations. It is a pleasure to look up to one who has been a great Christian leader among us for more than forty years. He has been **de facto** the resident bishop of the Congregational Church in California. California Methodism joyously joins in this wide Christian fellowship and extends to Dr. and Mrs. John Knox McLean its heartiest and most sincere expressions of esteem, affectionate esteem." It ought to be gratifying to California Congregationalists that Congregationalism has had here these many years a man concerning whom such words as the foregoing can be written representative of all that is highest and best in all denominations!" That is ideal Congregationalism actualized, and something that may with good reason be held up for imitation.

"Stay in your place and dream your dreams,
Do not fear nor bend the knee.
Go on thy way with upturned face,
Knowing the law is close to thee."

CORONATION VS. INAUGURATION.

John Wright Buckham.

While it was not my privilege to be among the Sons of the Mighty who witnessed the coronation, it was a great inspiration and quickening of one's ancestral blood to share in the general joy of the English people and to participate in one of the coronation services which took place all over the land. It was at Stratford-on-Avon, favorite haunt of Americans, and in Shakespeare's church, that our little party joined, shouting, "God save the King," in the prayers for the righteousness and peace of the new reign, listened to the Te Deum and the brief sermon and sang the coronation hymns. It was in a very real way a service of the community as a whole. The Mayor, preceded by the beadles and in his official robes, the town officials, police, soldiers and leading citizens, entered in the procession with the clergy, one of the non-Conformist ministers read the lesson and the church was filled to its utmost capacity. The special service, prepared for the occasion, uniformly used throughout the land, was simple and impressive, and knowing that this was but one of hundreds of like services, conducted at the same hour, one felt strongly that the people of the kingdom were inaugurating this new reign with a true and fitting reverence and sense of dependence upon God.

The afternoon was likewise fittingly devoted to athletic sports, in which the whole community took part, either actively or sympathetically. The children of the schools in a gallant procession led the way to the field. A drenching rain set in just at the hour for the procession to start, but the spirit of Old England showed itself in the undaunted resolution and good cheer with which the company set out in undecimated ranks, with its banners and white dresses and garlanded heads, little tots and all. The storm was shamed into a mere shower. Almost at the beautiful meadow beside the Avon the festivities began with the singing of "God save the King," the crowning of the Rose Queen by the Mayor, a charming Maypole dance and an equally beautiful Morris dance of maidens, while the boys went through a most creditable gymnastic drill. Then followed contests of all kinds, races for boys and for girls, a jumping-rope contest, a tug-of-war in which the married men dragged the unmarried ignominiously across the line, and river sports, comical and serious. Meanwhile, young and old were refreshed with tea served by the ladies. Every now and

again the tuneful bells rang out in a joyous peal from the church spire, rising picturesquely above the great trees by the river bank. It was a scene of serene beauty and wholesome delight, worthy of the best traditions of Merrie England. Would not the gentle Bard of Avon, could he have mingled with his townsmen on this glad day, have rejoiced at this happy celebration of the opening of the reign of George V?

We of America have our own customs and ways. We are rightly scrupulous, perhaps a little over-scrupulous, not to imitate the ways of a monarchy, taking a just pride in our democratic simplicity and matter of factness. But one cannot help wondering whether it would not be quite in keeping with our national spirit and character and a great gain to us in every way if, when we have changed the season of Inauguration to a more genial and becoming one, we should also make the day a national holiday and observe it with due and reverent recognition of our dependence upon God and petitions for the President and his administration. Does the President of the United States need the allegiance and prayers of the people less than the King of England? What more fitting, too, than that the rest of the day should be devoted to rest and recreation and become a day of enjoyment and happy memories? Would it not result in a deeper national consecration and unity and a truer sympathy between the President and the people?

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

San Mateo.—The Rev. E. C. Oakley has resigned at San Mateo, much to the regret of all.

San Francisco, Ocean View.—Four persons were received into membership last Sunday by letter.

San Francisco, Plymouth.—Rev. R. W. Rogers, the pastor, has been selected from the ministers of the city as a member on a committee of business men, appointed by the city Y. M. C. A. for the purpose of stimulating a Bible study campaign among the men of San Francisco next fall. This central committee will co-operate with the men's clubs and brotherhoods of all the denominations of the city. The Rev. A. B. Penniman, pastor of Second Church, Beloit Wis., is supplying the pulpit of Plymouth Church the last four Sundays of July, while the pastor is taking his vacation.

Oakland, Market Street.—The church has decided to purchase a lot on Myrtle street between 14th and 16th instead of the one heretofore considered. This decision meets with the approval of the secretary of the Church Building Society, the superintendent of home missions, and the representative appointed by the First Congregational Church for consultation. The location is a block and a half south of the present location. One reason why it is preferred to the corner first considered is that it will be free from street car noise and the other will not be. Moreover it places the church more remote from what may ere long be a locality used largely for warehouse and factory purposes.

MINISTERS' MEETING.

The Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity had the pleasure of listening last Monday to Miss Chamberlain of the Biblical literature department of the University of Chicago, who gave a valuable paper on the work of the graded Sunday school.

Next Monday the meeting will be addressed by the Rev. Dr. W. E. Barton, of Chicago.

SAN DIEGO ADDS ANOTHER CHURCH.

In the calling of the Rev. John Doane of Greeley, Colorado, to initiate the promising new work on Mission Hills, San Diego, the Southern California Conference showed itself adroitly able to turn a domestic misfortune into a public benefit. The mile-high altitude of Greeley has made it imperative for Mrs. Doane to live in less rarified atmosphere, and after over a year at Long Beach and La Jolla, marked by a pronounced improvement in her health, the family came to the reluctant conclusion that Greeley must be resigned and Southern California must be the future home.

At this moment, when the iron was white hot, the alert Conference struck, and Mr. Doane was secured. The section of San Diego where he starts his labors is sightly, rapidly growing with a cultured and well-to-do population and absolutely without other church organization. A religious canvass taken in January showed fifty-five Presbyterian and Congregational families, and a much larger number of Baptists, Methodists, Christians and Episcopalians. Backed by the First Church, and with the moral endorsement of the Church Extension Society of San Diego, the enterprise was launched. A lot was purchased for $1,300 and a bungalow church was erected for a little less than $1,000. Prominently connected with the movement have been Mr. Geo. W. Marston, San Diego's leading merchant, Messrs. Shields and Thomas, who kept the building material prices down and supervised the whole contract, Judge William A. Sloane, Mr. Nathan Rigdon, and Mr. Henry F. Currier.

The foundations were laid on June 21. Three days later the first timber was raised, and on Sunday, July 2, less than a week after the carpenters drove their first nail, the edifice was ready for dedication. It is constructed of choice Oregon pine throughout, the roof supported by heavy crossed timbers, stained black. It is electric wired and lighted, with dull yellow opaque window glass and perfect ventilation equipment. It will seat over 150 without using the rear class rooms, which may be thrown open to the auditorim.

The sermon of dedication was preached by the Rev. Willard B. Thorp, who in his usual happy vein emphasized the inestimable value to a new community which a beautiful little chapel might afford, especially if it is to be, as this one is, a center of the best and most genuine life of the district. Rev. Stephen G. Emerson offered the Prayer of Dedication, and greetings were brought by Rev. Lyle De Jarnette of the University Heights Christian Church, who resides in this neighborhood and has been deeply interested in the venture, and Rev. Shelton Bisssel of the Union Congregational Church of La Jolla. Unique features were the singing of the quartette choir, consisting of Mrs. William A. Sloane, her daughter Hazel and her two sons, and the splendid piano accompaniments and baritone solo rendered by Mr. John Doane, Jr., son of the pastor, who is Professor of Music at Oberlin College. An offering of nearly $100 was received without special effort being made to raise a large sum. The church starts out with a very small

debt, an enthusiastic and growing constituency, a consecrated and highly proficient pastor and the best wishes of the other San Diego churches.

Although not organized as yet into a Congregational church, Mr. Doane having come at the call of the Conference and the church being known as The Mission Hills Chapel, it will doubtless crystallize soon into a new star in the Congregational galaxy of San Diego County. At present its primary duty is to minister to the social, moral and religious needs of the neighborhood and to make itself so indispensible to the community that many wil desire to be enrolled among its charter members.

OREGON.

Scappoose.—The work at Scappoose moves along most encouragingly under the leadership of Rev. John Morgan Lewis. During the last nine months the Sunday school has grown beyond the capacity of the building and the church has almost doubled its membership. Sunday, July 2, a Children's Day patriotic service was held and the house was packed to overflowing. Two children were baptized.

WASHINGTON.

Seattle, Pilgrim.—Dr. E. L. Smith has returned from the East, well pleased to get back to Seattle. He encountered the intense heat which has prevailed there since the first week in June.

Seattle, Plymouth.—The old church edifice is being used by the Salvation Army for a special evangelistic campaign of two months' duration. Dr. Van Horn was invited to speak the first evening.

West Seattle.—A new piano has been put in the auditorium and the one formerly in use transferred to the Sunday-school room. The auditorium was reseated recently with opera chairs bought in Chicago, and the floor recarpeted. Work on the proposed new building will be commenced during the ensuing year.

Seattle, Prospect.—Improvements costing $1,200 have made on the church building, making the theretofore plain edifice quite artistic. The work at Prospect is showing steady development under the leadership of the Rev. R. S. Osgood. The Sunday-school has increased so as to crowd the accommodations and is in need of more room.

The Home.

HOW PETER MACLURE SAW THE CORONATION.

By David Lyall.

Peter Maclure took his great resolve one day in the fields of Aberlogie about a week before the fateful day. In common with the rest of the British Dominions, the parish of Aberlogie was knee-deep in Coronation preparations, and Peter himself, a well-to-do farmer, had loyally contributed his share towards their success. But he was not much interested in local celebrations; in fact, he was just wondering how he should escape the Coronation dinner at the Aberlogie Arms, and the subsequent presentation of the great toast, which had been entrusted to him. Now, Peter had no gift of gab, as he himself might have expressed it, and his lack of ready speech had cost him several things in the course of his three-and-thirty years of life. But the only thing he cared about was the girl he loved, whom another of a more specious tongue and beguiling ways had stolen from him. I have not the space here to go into the ins-and-outs of Peter's love-story from the beginning; what we are chiefly concerned with today is its end. It wsa a sunny, fine morning, and there was positively nothing to be done on the farm of Little Duphail, except wait, first for the hay harvest, and then for the corn one. And time was hanging heavy on Peter's hands. He had never visited London, and as he spread out his copy of the morning newspaper, weirdly illustrated, and giving all sorts of exciting Coronation items, he was suddenly seized by the desire to go and see it for himself.

There was no reason on earth except the filling of the chair at the Aberlogie Arms, to prevent him doing what he liked with the rest of the week. And that would be a difficulty easily disposed of. He had only to step down to Aberlogie Mills and invite Henders Shaw to take his place, and he would be joyfully relieved. As a matter of fact, Henders, who loved the sound of his own voice, had felt aggrieved that the honor should have been offered to Peter Maclure and that his acceptance had been insisted on. Peter had no women-folk in the farmhouse of Little Dunphail except his housekeeper, Easy Adams, who never interfered with him, and who would look after his interests in his absence precisely as if she had been expecting his criticism the next minute. Now was Peter's chance to see a bit of life, and by three o'clock of the afternoon he had settled it in his own mind, and by six all the details were arranged. The next morning he departed from Aberlogie Station in company with a macintosh and an old battered Gladstone bag, and a feeling of buoyancy in his heart which took him back to his laddie days. He was out in search of adventure, and anticipated his experiences with the liveliest satisfaction.

Arriving at Euston Station, and enquiring for a bed at the hotel, he was informed that there was not one available, and that he need not trouble himself to enquire at any of the big hotels, as they were not only all full up, but had a waiting list of those who hoped to profit by chance disappointment.

"Very well," said Peter dourly, "it'll be queer if I dinna find a bed."

He left his bag in the cloakroom, and set out to explore Bloomsbury. His record of that night's experience, especially if couched in Peter's own graphic idiom, would make a good story in itself, but we must hasten on to the actual purpose of Peter's visit, and its unexpected denouement. He found a shelter in a small side street in the vicinity of the British Museum, and agreed to pay handsomely for an attic near the sky. They also gave him a meal of sorts, and, having smoked a last pipe, he turned in, and slept, lulled by the distant roar of London which stole up to his prophet's chamber like minor music.

He awoke through force of habit at six o'clock, and, after wondering confusedly where he was, turned over contentedly, and went to sleep again. By nine he had breakfasted, and set out to explore London. But first it had to be discovered, under its hideous and unaccustomed

panoply of wood. There was nothing but wooden stands, and barriers, and platforms everywhere, the air full of the smell of sawdust, and ringing with the carpenters' hammers. Above a blazing sun, and below seething streets, so congested with motors and vehicles and folk that getting about was a problem, especially to country folks. It was all intensely interesting to Peter Maclure, and he spent a most delightsome day. Towards the evening, after taking certain counsel with himself, he decided to pay a call in a distant surburb, where he had discovered that Jeanie Findlay, once his sweetheart, lodged. She had, after becoming engaged to Walter Ruthven, who was a clerk in a big wholesale drapery house in the city, taken a situation in the north of London in order to be near him. The truth was, after her treatment of Peter Maclure, whom everybody liked in Aberlogie, and her engagement to Walter, whom nobody liked, she had found the social atmosphere hostile, and she had been glad to get away. It was after Walter's first visit home, to which he brought a lot of London airs, and a stock of what they call "impidence" in Aberlogie, that Jeanie had thrown Peter over, though she had been getting her providing ready for over a year.

Peter Maclure had said he was coming to the Coronation, but at the back of his mind there was only one thing in London he particularly wanted to see, and that was Jeanie herself. See her he would, at all costs, and satisfy himself that she was happy. Sundry rumors to the contrary had already reached Aberlogie, and he wished to verify them. The Coronation was merely an excuse which would shut people's mouths, and prevent them asking awkward questions. Peter was loyal enough, but he had no particular interest in seeing kings and queens, even with their crowns on. They were outside his scheme of things. His honest Scotch mind was filled with wonderment at the magnitude of the preparations in the city, at the noise and the hubbub, and the enormous masses of the folks, like billows of the sea. By night his head ached, and he longed for the peace of his own fields, and even thought that if he had no luck with Jeanie that night, he might go home next day.

Peter was not a poor man, and the saving of a sixpence, or even of a few sixpences, was not vital to him; therefore he rode from the Zoological Gardens, where he had spent the best part of the afternoon, to his boarding-house in a taxicab. When he reached the door he entered into a small argument with the chauffeur concerning the extreme rapidity with which the tuppences had mounted up on the indicator during the last half-mile of his journey. But he did not refuse to pay, nor even to haggle about the price; it was only a civil question he was asking, he said, with his slow pleasant smile, which rippled into a little laugh as he turned towards the door of the house. At the moment there came across the street a girl in a black skirt, and a white blouse, and a hat wreathed in poppies, under a red sunshade, which hid her face. As she came towards the steps of the house, to which Peter was seeking admission, he stood aside for her, and then, to his amazement, as she paused to shut up her sunshade, he saw that it was Jeanie.

"Jeanie!" he cried, and there was something vibrating in his voice which reached the heart of the girl, and made her sweet face grow rather white.

"Peter! Why, Peter, it can't be you!" she said falteringly.

"It is me, and it seems to be you, Jeanie! I was coming up to see you tonight, after I got my face washed, and my supper, which they told me would be ready at seven o'clock, only they call it late denner here."

"Yes, but how did you come to this address? I—I live here, Peter."

"You live here! I'm up for the Coronation. I came here by chance, after hunting for a bed for wan hour and a half by my grandfather's watch. You live here! But it used to be Hornsey, Jeanie!"

"It did, but I'm in another school now, off the Euston Road, and this is more convenient. It's the queerest thing I ever heard tell of, for you see, or rather you dont see, the size of London, and there are hundreds of houses like this for folk, and yet here we are on the same doorstep!"

"It's a good omen, Jeanie. Are you going in, and when can we have a crack together?"

"After dinner, if you like," she said readily. "I have a key of the garden in the next square. I got it through a chap that lodges in a house there."

"Not Walter Ruthven?" he said jealously.

"Oh, no, not Walter Ruthven!"

"And you are not going out with him after denner, then, the night?"

"Oh, no; but we'd better get inside, for Mrs. Collingwood is always angry if any of us are late. That's what I hate about a boarding-house; you have to keep to the hours; but it's cheap, and it saves trouble."

The color had came back to her face as the door was opened, and Peter thought he had never seen her look so bonnie. But she was thin, very thin, and later, when they met among all the queer folk at the boarding-house table, he noticed a very wistful look in her eyes. There was a good deal of talk at the table, chiefly about the Coronation, and some considerable bragging for the benefit of the country-looking stranger, who apparently had so little to say for himself. Jeanie seemed to be a favorite, and she talked in a friendly way to them all. But Peter, though he had no manner of business with Jeanie at all, wished there were not so many gentlemen boarders in the house, with access to Jeanie. He felt that they had chances denied to better men.

"What kind ow wark do thae chaps do?" he asked a little later when he was smoking a very comforting pipe in the square garden, in the delicious gloaming, with Jeanie.

"One of them is a medical student, and the other a journalist chap, and the other a traveller. They're very kind to me, and I'm comfortable enough there, as comfortable as I can be anywhere in London."

"Are you not liking it then so well as you did?" he asked simply.

"No, I hate it," she answered passionately. "And I wish I had never seen it or left Aberlogie; and how you could be bothered to come up for this Coronation, I can't think, Peter. I'm sick to death of it, and the noise of the streets, and all the talk of it. I'd like either to go back to Aberlogie, or right down into the country till it's over; and I will tomorrow I believe."

"With Ruthven?" said Peter persistently.

"No," she answered, "not with Ruthven. And I'll be very much obliged to you, Peter Maclure, if you will not be Ruthvening me every minute of the time. I'm done with him, if you really want to know; but I don't want to talk about him any more.

Then an extraordinary lightness of heart swept over Peter Maclure, and he felt that the Coronation was a thing of joy and glory, something to be thankful for, and to bless

God for. Only he would not have liked to be asked why.

"London's lookin' queer, jist like a big sawyaird," he said with an air of quiet stupidity which nearly drove her frantic. For she had fully expected, being a very woman, that her news would make an instant impression on Peter Maclure, and cause him to exhibit at least some small sign of satisfaction. But Peter made no sign. He had never been so remote, so undemonstrative, so altogether and so hopelessly Scotch. He was just Peter Maclure from Aberlogie, with not an ounce of imagination about him.

"Where are ye seein' it frae? Have you got a seat onywhere?" he asked indifferently.

"Me a seat! Not likely! I'm neither made of money, nor am I caring a single dump about it. The Coronation's for kings and queens, and rich folk, not for a poor and miserable Board-School teacher with her heart in her mouth. I suppose you have taken a ten-pound seat on a stand somewhere. It's just the sort of thing a Scotchman like you would do, when he comes to London at a time like this."

I'm not that keen, and if you are doin' nothing, and can tell me how to get to that nice place in the country you were telling me of a meenit ago, we might go thegither, Jeanie, and try and think ourselves in Aberlogie."

"There's the river she said eagerly. "I know a little cottage at Cookham were we could get our meals, and I have learned to punt since I've been in London. Oh, Peter, I'd like that if you'd be willing."

"I am willing; we'll keep a Coronation of our ain, lass," he said quietly.

Then, after a moment, he added quite quietly, "On wan condition."

"Well?"

"That if you tak the wee bit journey wi' me for auld lang syne, Jeanie, you'll tak the longer wan."

"You mean back to Aberlogie?"

"I micht mean that, and again I micht not; to Aberlogie, maybe, but certainly to Dunphail."

Jeanie gave a little sobbing cry, and then, though it was a London square, and all the sparrows had not gone to sleep, and it was Coronation eve, she looked up into his face so winsomely that he forgot everything but that he loved her, and that he had got her back. It was the grandest Coronation Peter Maclure had ever seen, or ever wished to see. —British Weekly.

Dr. W. H. Sinclair, prison surgeon at Barlinnie, the great Scotch penal institution, has been making some investigations into the subject of feeble-mindedness and its bearing on the future of the race. He finds that while the average normal family in the principal nations of Europe contains four children, the average degenerate family has seven. In his opinion at the present rate of increase the degenerate families will supply fully half of the population within fifty years. Dr. Sinclair holds, and rightly, that vice in its broadest sense is responsible for this condition. It is the legitimate outcome of the workings of the law of spiritual compensation. If a man sows to the flesh he will of the flesh reap corruption. There is no escape, and the race must mend its ways or pay the price of its folly in a feeble-minded and vicious posterity.

Our Young People

WANTED—A BOY.

"Why, what a funny advertisement! Bobby, listen to this!" and Mrs. Johnson read from the evening paper as follows:

"Wanted: A good, smart, honest boy. Must be red-haired and freckled. None other need apply. Smith and Thompson."

Bobby laughed. "That's me, sure," he said, "especially the red hair and freckles. Guess I'll go around."

"Well, it really sounds as though it were meant for you," continued his mother so seriously that Bobby laid down the book he was reading and looked at her in surprise.

"You were just funning about the red hair and freckles, weren't you, mammy?" he asked.

No, indeed, come and see for yourself."

"Whew—w—w!" whistled Bobby, looking at the paper, "I'll have to try sure thing. But how queer for Smith and Thompson to put in an ad. like that. It's the very office I've had my eye on for months, but I didn't know there was likely to be a vacancy so soon."

At nine o'clock next morning, Bob found himself one of a row of boys in the waiting room outside Smith & Thompson's private office. The youngsters all had hair of various degrees of redness, and freckles of all sizes and shades of brown. Some were speckled as a turkey's egg, others could only boast of a few of these valuable marks. It seemed so funny to Bobby that he forgot how badly he wanted the place himself and greeted each rival with a friendly smile.

The first boy to be admitted had a fiery red head and as many rust spots as anyone could desire. Mr. Smith, the senior partner, opened the door himself to let him in, and swept an amused glance along the long line of candidates.

In a few minutes, that boy came out and another went in.

"Said my hair was too red, an' I had too many freckles," he intimated with a grin which showed a front tooth missing. "Maybe you'll do," he added good naturedly to Bobby, "you ain't got too many freckles, and your hair is most brown."

Bobby felt encouraged, although he wondered very much about it all. But surely Mr. Smith was not a man with time to waste in looking over such a lot of boys without a purpose.

"He's got his mother in there with him; a little old lady with white hair and gold-rimmed eye-glasses, an' she said I wasn't the right one at all, I was too cheeky lookin,'" remarked another unsuccessful one on his way out, making a face at Bobby as he passed.

Bobby laughed and grew still more curious. "Why should a business man have his mother in his office helping him to select an office boy? Perhaps—"

"Next!" called a voice from the open door, and Bobby was admitted.

"That's him. I should have known him anywhere. Such a manly little fellow!" exclaimed the old lady, sitting by the office window.

"Why didn't you wait a minute after helping me off

the car last night?" she continued, motioning the surprised Bobby to come nearer to her.

"What—I beg your pardon! I don't know what you mean," stammered Bobby, knitting his sandy colored eyebrows. "Oh!" and his freckled face brightened into a smile. "I didn't want anything for just helping a lady. I wouldn't even if I were so poor," and he drew himself up with an air of sturdy pride.

"Would you like work young man?" asked Mr. Smith with a smile, and Bobby replied promptly that he would.

"What can you do?"

"I don't know, sir. I'm just eleven, and I've always been at school, but I'm willing to try anything and I'll do my best. I can study at nights with my big brother," he added.

"Well, a boy who is so good at looking out for helpless old ladies as I've been told by my mother you are, ought to do pretty well in any line," said Mr. Smith. "You may report here at one o'clock this afternoon."

The gentleman opened the door leading into the outer office, and informed the red-headed brigade that they need not wait any longer, as he had found a boy to suit him. Then, he turned to his desk, and Bobby, feeling himself dismissed, hurried home to tell his good news.

"Why, I really didnt' do anything, mother," he said.

"There was such a jam of working men in rough, dirty clothes getting on the car that the poor old lady had no chance to get off, for the conductor was busy somewhere else and didn't notice, so I just went ahead of her and made them stand back out of the way, that was all."

"It was a little thing, but it had big results," said his mother, and Bobby thought so too.—Pleasant Hours.

GOOD MANNERS THAT COUNTED.

John's father was a rich man, and John was very proud of the fine things his father's money bought. He grew very rude and cross to the servants. Once he kicked Towser; but the dog growled and John was afraid to kick him again.

One day, when John was playing in the yard, he saw a boy standing by the gate. He was ragged and dirty, his hat was torn and his feet were bare. But he had a pleasant face. In one hand he carried a pail half full of blackberries.

"Go away from here," said John, running to the gate. "We don't want ragged boys around."

"Please give me a drink," said the boy.

"If you don't go away I will set the dogs on you," said John.

The boy walked away swinging the pail in his hand.

"I think I will get some blackberries, too," said John to himself. He went out of the gate into a lane leading to a meadow where there were plenty of berries. There he saw some large ones growing just over a ditch. He thought he could leap over it very easiliy. He gave a run and a very big jump. The ditch was wider than he had thought, and instead of going over it he came in the middle of it.

The mud was very thick and soft, and John sank in it to his waist. He was very much frightened and screamed for help.

He screamed until he was tired, and began to think he would have to spend the night in the ditch. Suddenly he heard steps on the grass. Looking up, he saw the ragged boy he had driven from the gate.

"Please help me out," said John, crying. "I will give you a dollar."

"I don't want the dollar," said the boy, lying down flat on the grass.

Holding out both hands he drew him out of the ditch.

John was covered with mud, his hat was gone, and one shoe was lost in the ditch.

He looked very miserable.

"Who is dirty now?" asked the boy.

"I am," said poor John; "but I am sorry I sent you away from the gate."

"The next time I come perhaps you will treat me beter," said the boy. "I am not rich, but I have better manners."

" I think so, too," said John.

The next day, when John saw the boy going by the gate he called him in, showed him his rabbits and the little ducks, and then gave him a ride on his pony.

"You have good manners now," said the boy.

"Yes," exclaimed John, "I found them in the ditch!" —Our Little Ones.

Let be thy wail and help thy fellow men
And make thy gold thy vassal not thy king,
And fling free alms into the beggar's bowl,
And send the day into the darkened heart; . . .
And more—think well! Do well will follow thought.
—Tennyson.

Bring thine all, thy choicest treasure,
Heap it high and hide it deep,
Thou shalt win o'erflowing measure,
Thou shalt climb where skies are steep.
—Keble.

Not long ago Mount Moriah Hospital, New York, advertised for a healthy young man who could spare a quart of blood for transfusion into the veins of a patient lying critically ill in that institution. The next morning at the appointed hour it is said over a hundred men appeared, each anxious to give a quart of his blood for the $25 offered. Inquiry developed the fact that each and everyone was moved by financial considerations solely. Of the entire number only two were found to be in a physical condition warranting the transfusion. Several were almost invalids. Still they were willing to risk their lives for the pitiful amount of money in sight. Those of the number in actual need command our sympathy. It is hardly probable, however, that their needs justified their course when money was the only object in view. Taken by and large the incident casts an unfavorable sidelight on present-day civilization. When men will sell their very blood and incur the risk of immediate death for the sum of $25 there is something wrong. This is the natural outcome of the bald and immodest untilitarianism so industriously cultivated by the age in which we live.

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